



De La Soul Lyrics

"Future"

[1:24 long intro saying "we are the future" repeatedly]

[Intro: sampled vocals]

We are singing, you this message
Through our music, reaching for a, brave and brighter
new tomorrow, is the future
We must make it, safe and happy, for the children
Or... or... they will be lost
Or... or... they will be lost

[Pos]

Aiyyo I jump back, put the aim on my shot
It's mandatory, handle glory over with the rock
I'm not a rough guy but a tough guy to beat over drums
No son to this, I'm a rhyme bastard
Some mastered the art of cash, but not the part that lasts
and disappear after doin two albums
We're not your normal team and we still do ours to fit
hope inside this, don't define it's
quits for those who oppose the new
Playin they've outgrown rap like a size 5 shoe
Oh they all *[?]* now, alternative touch
were surprised, no demise for us
We on the rise to bust big, how you fig' we couldn't
Never run out of verbs for you to sip, I told you we wouldn't
I never popped Crist' or popped fists, girl named Chrissie
was the first, which made it even worse not to miss me

[sampled vocals]

Or... or... they will be lost (the future)
Or... or... they will be lost (the future)

[Dave]

So do you understand it now? Well try standin over
seven box sets, reppin sixteen years
This rap career ain't work, it's the life in-between
bedtime 'til the next said time and date
Know the name and salute them dudes
Put the nutrient in rap when they cook them foods
Gotta be like eighteen million heads served
Shit, imagine if there wasn't no us huh?
So I'd like to take the time to shout out the JB's
Next on my list is A Tribe Called Quest
Latifah my Queen, Monie Love, Dres and Mr. Lawnge
Chi-Ali, on your head God bless
Never ring chasin, the permanent tat
in this rap shit, y'all are just temporary lick-ons

Fadin in the days to come
While the name De La and the legacy built lives on

[sampled vocals]

We are singing (sing it out now)
you this message (sendin you a message y'all)
Through our music (through the music)
reaching for a, brave and brighter new tomorrow
(another day y'all) is the future (it's the future)
(it's the future) We must make it (we gotta make it)
safe and happy, for the children (for the children)

You little brats

De La Soul Lyrics

"Verbal Clap"

"You out there? Louder!
Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Posdonus]

NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?
We creators of them East coast stars
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me
that take long to cook
So some feel free in sayin that we don't hunger for beats
Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth
And stop frownin like you hostile
You know that it's a booger rubbin up against your nostril
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game without the backbone?
It's Maseo, Dave, Wonder Why, givin what you lack holmes

[Dave]

Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the Neutron, bitch!
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go
We present these flares to put fire to your ears
to lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon
Yo raise that money son, we raisin these kids
Get claps when curtains close, stage left
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath
SAT book smart, part ese
Loc'in like Tone, street niggaz get grown
Acquire more couth before you get poofed
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth
Excuse, my delivery, but when peace don't work
see this piece gon' work, cock aim and SHOOT!
It's my constitutional right to bear arms
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite
Woodstock and white folks involved
Black man get on yo' job!

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Chorus x2: De La Soul]

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes
(put, all, the things aside)
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes

(put, all, the things aside)

[Posdonus]

The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on your coast?
So raise your guns or your glasses
Either way there'll be a toast in the air
Markin the return of bare minimums you need to learn
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

[Dave]

See that gun powder calibre rap'll tip hats like gentlemen do
Smash tenements and skyscrapers
Bow-tie papers stacked high
Pay the resident tax or get your street swept
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats
I (Dodge) ricochets like (Ram) trucks, you slow poke to pull it
And I sup-pose you wanna top the Billboard chart
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like Pop-Tarts

[Chorus]

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Much More"

(feat. Yummy)

"And what we have is much more than they can see"
[scratched:] "ladies and gentlemen" - "here we go again"

[DJ Premier]

No doubt, y'all care anymore, about this hip-hop man?
I mean, how far will you punk motherfuckers go
for 15 seconds of fame? Microwave popcorn-ass niggaz
Yeah, we give you much more, longevity baby
Aiyyo Dave

[Dave]

Yo! It's been instilled in me since infinite y'all
Usin these minutes like I value the call
Put your money in the bank, and hold rank
over friends who ain't got leadership skills
I got the sheep in my eyes so I can't sleep
We like the, land and laid, the brand old way
Grand operate the scandal way, L.I. sheist
I play the X-Box instead of fuckin with dice
I hate losin to those who walk away with my dough
cause I dozed, Tracy broke me
And now she wanna see the resident provokin me
to pop wheelies on my bicycle, watch her eyes twinkle
One house, two houses, third house
House rules so house take bank, watch Dave bank
Banner had 'em on the hawk since Atlanta extravaganza
Gamma ray rap I make the Hulk snap
Jump back like James Brown, hey now
When the liquor over we smokin the hay now
Delegatin numero dos, I holla out the sound of los
And keep the Island close to me

[Chorus: Yummy]

Much more is what we got in store
Just believe me
"And what we have is much more than they can see"
Much more than they can see
is how it'll always be, believe me (gotta believe)
"And what we have is much more than they can see"

[Posdonus]

I got verb skills, babies and bills, brothers who smoke krills
and still tryin to get himself together from it
Knowin he can't quite run it like me
I'm on the cutting edge of what's alleged to be, hot
And when you rock, it's just impersonations of me

The rightest MC, MP with the V in the middle
I belittle your plan, courtesy, of NY dirty C my man
My base of fans are made up of many; with kids allergic
to belts lettin they mind melt from drinkin the Henny
And them straight and narrow types who be waitin to hear
them drums say the revolution is near - are you listening?
Are your eardrums open for christening?
We God Body MC's with these tools
While some others play God, they just God damn fools with it
I don't cuff mics, I rough mics up rough and rugged
Get the girls to love it
Still and all five-oh came to my mic check
Tellin me I left lacerations around my mic's neck
Domestically disputed and you just might get
the undisputed underdog servin y'all threat

[Chorus: 4X w/ ad libs]

"And what we have is much more than they can see"
"And what we have is much more than they can see.."

De La Soul Lyrics

"Shopping Bags (She Got From You)"

(We not goin to JC Penney's, we not goin to Macy's either)

[Chorus: Daniel Wallace]

Shopping bags they weigh down her arm
Popping tags and collars her charm
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you
Manolo and Prada's her style
Louis, Burberry by the pile
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you

[Posdonus]

Yo she know you come to do it, so what'cha want
Candelight might flick at'cha
Put your credit card to it, she know what to flaunt
Her handle tight like a master
She used to taunt on the runway, yeah she's down to tree
The avenue like her catwalk
Struck a bit to the gunplay, that housing street
looks to die for, ask that chalk man for yo' hand
Spend it, you live to show
All the cash that you can burn
What you need is to end it, cause you give the dough
But get no ass back in return (HA, HA HA)
Stay laughin, straight at you dog
Best believe, you wastin time
Don't deny what's happenin, just clear the fog
And achieve you a peace line, yo it goes like

[Chorus: 1/2]

[Daniel Wallace]

She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

[Dave]

Her frame goes beyond thick, she got you stunned
Livin it up off the pop hits
Like a dame on a Bond flick, she's not the one
To give it up 'til you cop shit
Just because she's stacked right, she got your soul
Her every wish you now obey
You should be on that actright, but she got control
She say jump you scream, "OKAY! I'M RELOADED!"
Nigga you shootin blanks
Tryin to front like you got game

Her crib is sugar coated, like she lootin banks
But it's your wallet she done claimed
When the limit of your plastic, reaches the end
You start payin for your time
She'll be in it for the last bit, of money to spend
(HA, HA HA) And you'll be left with dimes
While she fillin up

[Chorus]

[Daniel Wallace]

She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

[ad libs and chickenheads to fade]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Grind Date"

If the meek shall inherit the earth
and not the weak
let me inherit the street, fuck it
you know what I mean?
I mean I love life man, you know what I mean
life is beautiful, it's just the shit in it that's fucked up
it's rough but it's fair
people gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass for a job
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean yo
he hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids
you feel me?

I'm a rhyme artist
out here tryin' to grind my hardest
up early so to milk the cow
keep my john deere out here plowin' the fields
to keep my john hancock's worth up in the now
went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on charts
positions is parta my mission to hangin' on top
gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers
and them scheisty ass niggaz if you like it or not
I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles
some try to get off the farm but fell into harm
of gettin in the game of those street pharmaceuticals
but, I was raised in those blue collar themes
havin' white collar dreams cause I see what it means
and though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't forget
the poor are the ones who inherit the debt
you can bet I got better things to do than that
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys
came on my land, seized my cattle, and catalog
as if it wouldn't leave me less than coy
but I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'
got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'
and playin' xbox, stand up and exercise my rights
as of by seen of through masta's eye
it's the grind date
know what I'm sayin? I'm sick of askin' that
I mean, the street philosophy is that
I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat
at least I'm gonna have some kind of food and drink
because sometimes you can't come back
like momma said that if you need 5 cents don't ask for 3
ask for 10, that's for sure
Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that
I was born with the boom bap, respect the name

my hands on experience was hands on my first contract
taught me quick how to respect the game
introduced to the block, got used to the block
but your neighbors be the ones who throw shit on your lawn
it's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed
but we got ahead, and we got along
and puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them calendars
worth of hump days that broke the camel's back
the grind'll make today look gray
and paint a tainted picture of tomorrows in enamel black
meet the rhyme, street grind, son whatever the beast
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn
and show you why we here this long
cause when it comes to puttin' in work
once again it's on
I'm just like everybody else man
an average nigga with above average potential
you know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a gentleman
I'm sayin that I know how to act like a gentleman
in order to get the things that I need
and if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that
This ain't no accident, we stayin' here
You damn right I am proud of myself man
and I'm proud of my team man
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither
and that's the real
but I do do business with people that I have sex with
so if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on
cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word

De La Soul Lyrics

"Church"

(feat. Spike Lee)

[Spoken Intro: Spike Lee]

Peace - this is Spike Lee
A.k.a. Shelton Jackson Lee
A.k.a. loving husband and father
of Tonya and Satchel and Jackson
I'm here with De La Soul
A.k.a. De La, a.k.a. The Plugs
We're about to get in this song, "Church"
A.k.a. "It's Reality"!

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo, wake up! Wipe the sleep from ya eyecracks
It's time to focus y'all, fix ya I-MAX
In other words, listen to the brother's words
Ingest these anecdotes with HOPE
and ya ass, may learn how to COPE
It's not always good just to get by
Who's coverin' ya stakes when ya bet high?
You're cha-sin', cars, clothes and rocks
Identify with the goods you got
Make sure it's V-S-One, not
and perfect, leavin' you one clear
I really don't care to see ya tattoos there
I'd rather see you graduate the school year
Black folk, go put a book in ya face
But first give the hook a taste
Bring the preacher in!

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Verse 2]

It's a sick world that we live in, let some tell it
Some put it in books, some yell it
You need to make your own choice, be your own voice
Set ya soap-box up, let your talk fight
Pull ya socks up, get ya walk right
Or the chalk might outline ya one day

You oughta try steppin' outside you one day
You circle round yourself like you the answer
To the question of your inner son
But keep ya falsehoods to a minimum (minimum *[echoes]*)

We all need a little church
A life update, keyword - update
If they don't serve change, don't bite the bait
Instead'a givin' you a share, servin' you a dish
I lead you to the water, show you how to fish
Ain't nothin' wrong makin' that bread wid'it
But don't let the bread get to ya head, geddit?
Admit it, when you can't stand alone
I wanna stand up, give all the pretend up
And get a full blast of my demands of
the rhyme runner said the man's come
There's something in our words that reveal (reveal *[echoes]*)
Sho 'nough real!

[Hook]

Heal y'all! We come to heal!
So let it heal you! {It's real!} It's real!
(It's real!) It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We gonna heal it!
So let it heal! {It's real!} It's real!
{It's real!} So real!
It's realer than real, for real, for real

[Verse 3]

The early bird gets the worm in this rotten apple
But explore deep and you will the find the seed
Plant more ether, get your mind free
We roll passionante, put your lights last in it
You're holdin fear too close, unfasten it!
And like old age invades youth
Invade falseness with truth
Replace rebelling with rebirth
Face new dwelling, that's your turf
Lean back and put your feet up on the sofa
Relax! (Relax! *[echoes]*) learn how to punch back
And do your work to the max
The payoff's much sweeter than the payback
Even the haysack needle wouldn't play that
So let's pray at, church (church *[echoes]*)

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We comin' healin'!
So let it heal! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Backing Singers]
[Repeat until beat fades]
Realityyyyyyy!
Realityyyyyyy-eeeeeeeeeeee-reeeeeaaall!

[harmonizing and clapping to fade]

[Spoken outro]
You know what I mean? Rap outsold crack
You know, so rap....or hip-hop culture
however you wanna dice it, you know what I'm sayin'
it's the most powerful drug there is, man
it changed corporate America, it changed the way you feel about me
it change the way I, I do my thing now
Busta was the one who came out, on the award show and said that
hip-hop provides jobs for people who don't even love the shit
I mean, come one man, I mean what else is there to say?!

De La Soul Lyrics

"It's Like That"

(feat. Carl Thomas)

[Dave]

It's like, New York without a New York yanks
Better yet, New York without the New York franks
It's like hot summers without no A.C
Or never hitting numbers when you go to A.C
It's like six years of your life, go ask Rob
I'm like "Yo how is it?" he like "It's like hard"
Trying for that queen but you nothing but a man
You wanna keep it clean but you can't
Why it gotta be, like, that
And what the life, see life is like a J shot
Shooters son, they got
One point one second, you half court
I'm feeling the adrenaline like you half court
Like pink slips and dipping these ink tips to paper
Imagine if we fuck around and lose Hip-hop
Imagine if it didn't exist
Imagine nothing shining your wrist
See, imagining to you is a risk
But think about it, like no chrome rims
And tims would be construction boots (ill)
We probably wouldn't even substitute (ill)
For words we use defining our likes
I'm coal mining these mics
To keep that gold nugget like Dave Megget
Giant like a motherfucker, like Dave said it
But ya ain't listening, ya paper gon' stack
Why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dat
Dat, dadadat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat

[Chorus: Carl Thomas]

Just running, running, fast as I can
I'm trying to be a person but I gotta be the man
If I, can't stand the life that I'm in
I gotta keep running 'cause I'm still gon' win
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)

[Posdonus]

It's like, Slick Rick without the eye patch
More like, saying slick shit you won't catch
It's like bed time without your PJ's
Or no fed timing in out the PJ's
It's like, one minute you got it, then you broke

Like what I do with it? I copped a few with it
Looking like a problem, but you won't get it solved
You working but you won't get the job
It's like, who would of thought (thought)
It you would of bought (bought)
Into my religion you'd be more like God
But you were steady swimming so you more like cod
See these fools is fish scale, converting to ish male
See I see it like, A alike, B alike
I was taught, if you play alike, be alike
How they don't see it for one to go pop
And this is how you treat Hip-hop?
Imagine if you didn't have that phantom chrome sitting on a curb nigga
The word nigga wouldn't be a bit disturbing nigga
See them roots are like begging for the rain
You entering my kingdom just a begging for the reign
Putting shit stain to paper
Ink pain feeling like fifty-five licks on a slave niggaz back
And not a one of y'all stopping to hate
But why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dat, dat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dat, dat
Dadadat, dadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat, dat

[Chorus x2]

De La Soul Lyrics

"He Comes"

(feat. Ghostface)

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Posdonus]

Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown
Drown you like terrible weather
Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly Simon
Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rhymin
To all - rise and shine - give God the glory
I already give a percent of mine to Bert & Cory
And still got bills and employees to pay
So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of my days
My ways of control is hard to swallow
Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow behind
Sorry to dis-appoint, but dis joint's mine
Dis-play your indie but say no -
- more or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo
- to the dirt - and edit the clip and lost Kano
My mens wear problems like Timbs
See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win
Scores to settle, crews to crush
You rush right in to see him do it with a smile
It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin my celebrity status
From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all
I was told to step righteous, so when it's done
everyone will say I stepped right
And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop
shinin his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Dave]

Aiyyo I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff straight up
Dazzle and razzlin broads like I'm little Juan Magic
Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop
Top drama every time these commas don't drop
Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth
to shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball
Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six
I circumcise the track, you just a dick - overlapped and hooded
Skin repeated like Stutterin John
I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop
George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet
in a place she believes, much better than your lies
She say she lookin better in my eyes, bullshit!
Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin to fuck

I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills paused me
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time
When God is an non pos', you stand to download
Demanded like slaves on trial - we want free
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs
through my veins since cable with the wired remote
Woodgrainin like you wired his float

[Interlude: Ghostface]

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow
A group of kids so original

[Ghost] You heard?

[Interlude]

[Ghostface Killah]

Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got 'em
We kiss cannons for Scragelous crew, and his whack dancers
Bitin is forbidden pah, pay that tax
And don't you ever look at us funny - boy, we'll bring rap back
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men
with dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the PA
and just lay whooptay whooptay?
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee
Since tunin into T-La Rock'n AJ
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ
Girls you can go cruisin in my OJ

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Days Of Our Lives"

(feat. Common)

[Common]

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

[Chorus: De La (Common)]

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Com? (I'm just tryin to be)

[Pos] That's it? (Stayin focused so my mind is free)

[Dave] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[Dave] If tomorrow come now (it might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Common]

I want the boom in the back of the truck

Ain't nuttin the matter with a good dude havin a buck

With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays

We break it down in these three ways, yo

These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly

To the East, lookin for pieces of a better me

Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me

Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery

Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day

(Yeah) The life of a baller, ain't even all play

I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must

I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus

Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust

Said baby you're a star

Said I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars

become dust, and one love become lust for the papers

Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors

Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres

Now your, empire fell like the Lakers

So you're talkin to your maker

It's the nature of the business, they givin niggaz inches

Takin miles and mules, it's the wildest rules

I'm tryin to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes

Makin music that the crowds can use

[Chorus: Pos, Com (Dave)]

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Dave? (With sunshine and shade)

[Com] That's it? (Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid)

[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Dave]

I want twenty-four plus on these

Put the pinto engine and the bus on these
I get that first class seat to escape the days
We break it down in these three ways

Check the life I got that antidote, canteloupe scent, bent back
in the sunroom froze, put your flick on pause (and pop a cork)
There's no occasion nigga it's just because
I'm celebratin for a hell of a day
Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist
Everyday script, I exercise cheek
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris [?]
Kiss back, watchin time - wrist back
Every second count but just finish this lap
You gamble on your life like casino slots
and cash out and still walk with a knot

[Chorus: Com, Dave (Pos)]

[Com] Yo how the days of your life goes Merce? (Man I'm just holdin my head)

[Dave] That's it? (Shit, I'm also tryin to hold this bread)

[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

[Dave] Too soon?

[Posdonus]

I furnished the rooms, and mortgage on these
See them quittin ass rappers caused a shortage on these
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise
We break it down in these three ways

My moms died from secondhand smoke; so I wish yo' ass would die
from them secondhand rhymes you wrote
Or shall I call them second rhymes - written seconds 'fore you enter the booth
Words thrown together with very little truth
And a select few can do it (true) you ain't part of them scriptures
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick
Or dishin in the mouth of your dame around my dick
Ladies and gentlemen, introducin Workmatic
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is "MY LIFE"
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours
and, good months and bad years and with my peers
we struggle to juggle the shit
Family life and the music game don't easily fit
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour three rap whores
and scores of scandal, even more than we can handle
Sometimes, the rhymes I say
Is the fly the currency to save the day
Can't turn it away, cause we out

to find presennce way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout

[Common]

Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out

Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out

Don't pout..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Come On Down"

(feat. Flava Flav)

[Flava Flav]

Look man! You're botherin me G
I got shit to do right now, aight?
This is for De La Soul, y'knahmsayin?
Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby! *[laughing]*

Check one two, check one two
De La Soul, is now back on the map
Long Island, is now back on the map
Good rap music, is now back on the map
Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav
And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin nowhere
Old school is here to stay BOY!

[Posdonus (Flava Flav)]

On the outskirts, of what works
Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked
Live by the sword and die by the semi
Not part of my ways, but stays right in my
N.Y. mentality for me to be the best
The current, the ones who weren't
pressed, to confess lies over hot joints
to sell to all who wanna hear some
(Young'uns these days got fireproof eardrums!)

They don't give a SHIT who's hot
Just long as you're not, pussy, and be the would-be King
But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down
(And what makes the world go 'round!!)
And I be the world renowned Wonder Why
Wonderin why you can't stand me
Is it because I'm the main Jackson
and y'all just Titos and Randys? (Yes, it is!)

Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last
At the same time, I want respect and cash
And a few paragraphs in them books
Tellin you how us Native Tongues made hits with no hooks
Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88
No disrespect to Diddy just settin it straight
Instead of zig-zaggin, got a degree in braggin
My daughter says I'm a teen, cause like a teen
my pants always saggin and I walk with a bop
The *[?]* part of my time, I walked from my pop
No longer on timey and was never on Loud
But cooked rhymes that make the Chefs of Wu proud
I'm top cloud to rain on your show
And still "anything goes when it comes to hoes" because

[Flava Flav]

Music (c'mon) New York (c'mon) Detroit (c'mon) c'mon down!
Miami (c'mon) L.A. (c'mon) Vegas (c'mon) c'mon down!
Boston (c'mon) Tucson (c'mon) Long Island (c'mon) c'mon down!
V.A. (c'mon) Portland (c'mon) Chi-Town (c'mon) c'mon down!

[Dave (Flava Flav)]

Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids
Fix your playground player or some kids'll
come stomp in your sandbox, swollen hands cocked back
No knives, no drama, no guns
No disrespectin your seed or Ma Dukes
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff
of these fricaseed raps on Carribean riffs
See last night's change was today's dough money
No time for your freestyles so roll money
No more whack albums with two joints
No more ballplayin rappers who shoot ya two points
(No more G cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)
Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches
Switchhittin niggaz will receive no pitches
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real
simple, see the God flows healthy
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation
Thank you for your purchases, we dough out
and roll out the Kool-Aid, [?] see us pimp strut
Ain't really pimpin, I'm tryin to catch the bus
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush!
We dolly dolly babies cause we shootin cats
'Back to the Future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunnin it
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin it
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello
The mush-in-your-room son, we stay portobello
Can't settle for the same picket white fence
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa
Still push the truck with the factories pa
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

[Flava Flav]

D.C. (c'mon) Oakland (c'mon) U.K. (c'mon) c'mon down!
New Orleans (c'mon) Little Rock (c'mon) B-More (c'mon) c'mon down!
Memphis (c'mon) Utah (c'mon) Jersey (c'mon) c'mon down!
Atlanta (c'mon) Brooklyn (c'mon) Philly (c'mon) c'mon down!

[Flava Flav]

Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole
Y'knahmsayin? Six feet deep, that's the way that we keep, rollin
Y'knahmsayin? Operation tech sensation in the nation
Ready to take it to Penn Station, y'knahmsayin?

Yeah, ah ha ha ha *[laughing]*
Long Iz one is, that's where we is man *[laughing]*
De La Soul, you done it again!
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*
Flava Flava, De La Soul, you done it again!

De La Soul Lyrics

"No"

(feat. Butta Verses, Yummy)

[Yummy]

I never can say goodbye
No no n-no I, never can say goodbye
I, I don't know the rest

[Posdonus]

We those pros, we never procrastinate (ah)
Them guardians they shouldn't let you get past the gate
Watch out dawg, the watchdog's showin his teeth
(Guess you bit too much shit) they bitin your beat
While I speak from experience, hunger and hurt
And a little bit of hate from niggaz doin me dirt
I just wash it all out with Tide and show love
to those who ride with me while I'm puttin in work

[Butta Verses]

Full-timin it, 8:30 to 6, the graveyard shift
The three months before the benefits hit
But my position went temp' to perm'
I sat and listened like an intern watchin who applied get fired
Now I'm sittin in the break room, they gotta make room (make room)
My paper stacks, put staples through 'em
So I can keep my money together
Some die-hard fans just don't want it like, "Put Pos back on it"

[Posdonus]

I'm back on it, that's why you never disappointed
We give you what we live through for real (for real)
Don't own a crown but I'm royalty
And tryin to see the royalty checks about a half a mil'
Whether off or on the chart, my cuts grips your heart
(You know we got you open) like your gut splits apart
I never pass the buck, my shoulder holds the weights
So don't beef when we don't pass collection plates

[Butta Verses]

I don't give money, I don't support the needy
Schooled in America, taught to be greedy
And everything ought to be, easy
But I never could say goodbye to my friends who get high
I wonder why, I'm rockin with that guy, it's serious
Still make him cry when the satire's hilarious
Cold for your areas, flows come in various shapes and sizes
so hot that you despise it

[Chorus: Dove (Yummy)]

Never last up to bat (no no no no)
These skills we don't lack (no no no no)
We never fall and pray (no no n-no no)
Make all the ladies say (ooh ooh baby)
You can't knock the hustle - not at all (no no no no)
Can't be budged by your muscle (no no no no)
Never ridin on E (no no n-no no)
It's De La and Butta V (drive you crazy)

[Posdonus]

Yo, if you are what you eat; some of you
cats heads between your girl's legs a lot cause y'all act too sweet
(Go brush your teeth!) Then after that
Put in a little more practice on your rhymin attack
What you write's not the least bit hot
Maybe cause your wrist is so cold from all that ice you cop
Hate to hate a playa but you know what?
I still smother ya like cheese and rockin leaves freshly cut

[Butta Verses]

And we the steak and potatoes and De La's the greatest
And ladies be on the floor thankin the Lord that He made us
I'm tellin you, I swoop her like a pelican do
You sayin - look at that pelican fly; you spittin gelatin rhymes
They shaky as shit, ugly in the mold you fit
We the square peg on the round hole, sound's soulful
Your imitation flavor is tofu
It's true we make our bed all day, and we are..

[Posdonus]

.. the world of rap! Take you back
in the days of all four hundred ways that people lack
It's that (what) authentic, big-nosed mic music
Four to five survive all night to it
I'm tryin to keep up with my Jones' and Thomas'
'til I'm broke like them New Year's Eve promises
And that's alright, I just penned another sixteen
to fill my bank account with the mixed greens

[Butta Verses]

Moms want 5's and 10's
The girls I got is 9's and 10's, VH1 "Behind The Pens"
You anticipate greatness from elder statesmen
I ch-ch-ch-AHH, like Biz Mark' or Jason
I bust one shot just to start the racing
The tortoise and the hare, which one there is chasin?
Slow and steady, we already Andretti
Get ticket take parades, waves and confetti and..

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Pos] Come on y'all

[Yummy: x4]

If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin
If the streets keep rockin, the Soul will keep rockin
If the streets stop rockin, the Soul will keep rockin
If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rock Co.Kane Flow"

(feat. MF Doom)

[Posdonus]

Up in them five-star tellies sayin two mic rhymes
be them average MC's of the times
Unlike them, we craft gems
So systematically inclined to pen lines
without sayin the producer's name, all over the track
Yeah I said it! What you need to do is get back
to reading credits, we them medics
alphabetically stuck on that English shit
now, quick now, before we pour that
sureshot pure Rock Co.Kane Flow

[MF Doom]

From the top of the key, the 3 Villain
Been on in the game as long as you can wheelie your Schwinn
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up
Dust off the mask, whoever laugh give him a head up
He got jumped, it pumped his adrenaline
He said it made him tougher than a bump of raw medicine
To write all night long, the hourglass is still slow
Flow from Hellborn to free power like Lilco
And still owe bills, pay dues forever
Slay you(s) when it comes to who's more cleverer
Used to wore a leather goose "V" with the fur collar
Hand charged a fee for loose leaf, words for dollar
Ya heard? Holla -- broad or dude we need food
Eat your team for sure, the streets sure seem rude
For fam like the Partridges, pardon him for the mix-up
Battle for your Atari cartridges or put your kicks up
It's a stick up

[Dave]

Now put your blix up, these Riddick Bowe cuts
is swoll like penile flicks, give 'em 20
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler
Bring your tallest champs like that much taller
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it
Vocab, stamina, style's all irrelevant
Camps and cliques, units, squad crews and clans
Even your tongues'll fuck around and leave your mouth

[MF Doom]

Doom brung that bum, there goes that news van again
Act like you knew like Toucan Sam an' 'em
He eat rappers like part of a complete breakfast
Your rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap necklace

String 'em up, bring 'em up under whack junk snack
And get that out your hand, punk, jump and get your dunk smacked
foul, we all know the rules bro
You slow, you blow the soup on your fools, his Impulse like Yugo

[Posdonus]

You go lights, camera, action with no makeup
We De La to the death, or at least until we break up
Here's a couple of nice guys who finished first
So nice try, but the prize is ours dispersed
They say the good die young, so I added some
bad-ass to my flavor to prolong my life over the drum
Everyone cools off from bein hot
It's about if you can handle bein cold or not!
And we was told to hop on no one's dick by Prince Paul
We stayed original ever since y'all
First to do a lot of things in the game, but the last to say it
No need to place it on a scale to weigh it
And don't do it for the plays or to raise the bar
Yet it's raised anyway, it's so amazing, are
the three L.I. brothers from a other way of thinkin
Hey your lady's winkin, I think you need to control that whore
or I('ll) have to hold that

[Dave]

The elements are airborne, I smell the success
(Yo let's cookie cut the shit and get the gingerbread, man)
Sacrifice mics and push drugs to these rappers
Puff ponies 'til I turn blue in the lips
Sippin broads like 7-Up (ahh) so refreshing
I finger pop these verses like first dates to birthdates
September 2-1, 1-9, 6-8
Too old, to rhyme? Too bad, too late